

# Through the Southland

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*This "Journey" will be much more interesting if used in connection with a map showing our Homes and Schools (50c.). If used as a part of a program, the reader should pause at each blank for the name of the Home or school to be given by the audience.*

While comfortably seated at home we are to take—not exactly an imaginary journey, but one in which we shall be spared the dust and other annoyances of railroad travel. At the same time it will be a journey of great interest to Home Missionary women. Our starting point is Washington, D. C., where we find—(*Lucy Webb Hayes Training School for Missionaries and Deaconesses*) which includes—(*Sibley Hospital*).

Our first stopping place is Greensboro, N. C., at—(*Kent Home*). This Home for Negro girls is connected with one of the colleges maintained by the Freedmen's Aid Society. Its girls are older than in many of our Homes.

A two hours' ride from Greensboro brings us to Salisbury, N. C. From this place we take a branch road running out into the country, and showing us the kind of homes that are occupied by the country people, both white and colored, all through the South. The desolate little hamlets, with unpainted cabins, rarely of more than two rooms, with little indication of school or church, make the traveler realize the comparative poverty of the South, and long to establish settlement work everywhere. At Misenheimer, seventeen miles from Salisbury, are a roofed platform

which serves as a railroad station, less than a score of houses, a church, and—(*Mitchell Home*) for mountain whites. Boys and young men, as well as girls and young women, are found here, many of the children walking several miles daily for the chance to go to school. The earnest, intelligent faces of these young people are ample assurance of the value of the work.

Returning to Salisbury, a beautiful railroad ride up the valley of the French Broad River to "the Land of the Sky" brings us to Asheville, N. C., where we find—(*Allen Home*). Here, as at Misenheimer, both Home and school are under the charge of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and we have all grades in the school, from the Negro children in the primary classes to young women who go out on graduation well trained in books, sewing, housewifery and home-making, to be teachers and leaders of their race. Here, as in all our Homes, the girls "learn by doing," for the work of the well-kept institution is done by them, under the supervision of the teachers.

If you were equal to riding over mountain roads—and what that means you cannot know till you have really tried it—we would turn aside to visit the "community schools" in this Blue Ridge section. But some things must be left for another trip, so I'll simply say that in several places our Society gives help to supplement the meager public school allowance, making possible school for eight months in the year instead of two.

At Morristown Tenn., is—(*New Jersey Home*), also for Negro girls, and affiliated with a Freedmen's Aid school. In cases like these our girls have their "book lessons" in the school, and the other girls of the school have lessons in sewing and domestic science in our Home.

Going down into South Carolina, we reach Camden and—(*Browning Home*). This is one of our largest homes and schools for Negroes, and its day school receives boys as well as girls. It rejoices in the finest school building that we own, a building costing over \$25,000, the gift of an anonymous donor.

Passing southward, into Georgia, we reach beautiful Savannah, the location of one of our oldest Industrial Homes. For twenty-seven years *Haven Home* stood as a veritable lighthouse for warning and guidance to young Negro women in the Home and the Negro boys and girls in its day school. Then it was sold to the city of Savannah, as the location for a school-building for Negro children. Pending the erection of our own new Home, the activities of the work are carried on, to a limited extent, in Speedwell Home, just out of Savannah, itself an outgrowth of Haven.

In Jacksonville, one of the principal cities of Florida, is—(*Boylan Home*), likewise one of our oldest institutions, though now housed in a beautiful brick building, on a different site, and the evidence of extensive growth since the time of the pioneer workers who here, as elsewhere, heroically wrought for a downtrodden race. A large day-school is carried on in the Home building, and the school work extends through the eighth grade.

Are you getting tired visiting schools? Then we will take a little "time off" here, and run down to St. Augustine, to see its beautiful sea views from the top of old Fort Marion (what tales of old Spanish days the walls could tell if they could only speak!), its old slave-market (though the identity of this is somewhat doubtful), its bit of the old wall carefully preserved to show it was once a walled city, its queer, narrow streets as well as its elegant hotels

and fine modern residences. And its flowers! There's no doubt by this time that Florida is "the land of flowers," and the conviction grows as we move on, still southward, on the way to Palm Beach. But such luxuries as are found there are beyond the reach of most Home Missionary women, so we stop on the way, at Ocala, to see—(*Emerson Home*). This stands in the midst of a Negro settlement, and furnishes practically the only chance for training into Christian womanhood for the Negro girls of a wide area.

Retracing our path to Jacksonville, a night's ride brings us to Atlanta, the Gate City of the South, and to our first Industrial Home—(*Thayer Home*)—a "Model Home," we called it then, and it has been the constant purpose, all through the years, to make our Homes models indeed for those who so much need the inspiration and suggestion of a sweet, clean, pure home.

Thayer Home is connected with a Freedmen's Aid school, like Kent and New Jersey Homes. On the same campus is Gammon Theological School, the chief school of our church for training Negro ministers. From these schools and our Home, many a pastor and wife, and many a missionary to Africa, with his no less devoted wife, have gone out for service.

A few hours' ride from Atlanta is Cedartown, and here we have our—(*Cedartown Settlement*) doing just the kind of work that should be multiplied many fold in the Southland. Girls from our Home at Boaz, Ala., girls with hearts filled with the missionary spirit, are there giving new ideals of life, and new heart of hope to the white children of a factory community, who otherwise would be largely cut off from the chance of an education.

From Atlanta, also, we visit two more of our Homes for white students—(*Ritter*

*Home*) at Athens, Tenn., and—(*Rebecca McCleskey Home*) in Boaz, Ala. Each is connected with a school under the auspices of the Southern Education Society of our Church. Each is for the earnest, eager young people who are to be makers and sharers of the new South that is rapidly being evolved. At Athens the girls are all of high school or college grade.

At Clarkson, Miss., are—(*Bennett Home and Academy*), the goal of many a young man and woman of as pure Anglo-Saxon blood as can be found in the country, the kind of students that well deserve our help, and will amply repay all that is done for them in the manhood and womanhood there evolved and strengthened.

Still farther north, in Holly Springs, Miss., is another college of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and with it is connected our—(*E. L. Rust Home*). Our Society may well be proud of the neat, self-possessed, womanly girls trained here.

A night's ride from Holly Springs brings us into the summer-land again, at New Orleans. Here we find—(*Peck Home*) and a large Italian work carried on by our Society, with work at the new Immigrant Station. Peck Home is connected with one of the Freedmen's Aid Colleges, and is one of the handsomest of our Homes. Better still, in the words of the old proverb, it is "Handsome is as handsome does." With the opening of the Panama Canal, the work in New Orleans is becoming of increasing importance.

Across the Mississippi, as we turn homeward, are two Homes in Texas—at Austin,—(*Eliza Dee Home*), and Marshall—(*King Home*). These are for Negro girls, as is that at Little Rock, Ark.—(*Adeline Smith Home*). They need, as do all our Homes, the loving, faithful mother-care of the whole Society.

A side trip into Kentucky shows us—(*Erie Home*), at Harlan, and the work at—(*Olive Hill*), both for white children and at strategic points.

There's an old story of a poor family, and a friend who offered to adopt one of their children, leaving the choice to the father and mother. Then came difficulty.

"Which shall it be, which shall it be?"

I looked at John, John looked at me."

Child after child was considered, with the firm conclusion that neither the first-born, nor the baby, nor one of those between could by any possibility be spared. And so, out of their poverty, they decided to pinch a little more, and work still harder, and keep within the loving shelter of their hearts and home all whom God had given them.

But if to these, type of every true father and mother, had come the question, "Will you add to your cares a motherless child who lives at the foot of the hill, or a child of alien race from around the corner?" with the added information, "To be sure, there are other people of nearer kin, who ought to do it, but—well, you just take him"—what, think you, they would have said? To care for the stranger one of their own must suffer, "Which should it be?"

So with the Woman's Home Missionary Society. If she extends her fostering care to cover all the needs of this great needy country, which of her God-given children shall be made to suffer? And what of the blessing thus withheld from those who ought to care for these others? Which thing is a parable.

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50 or less, 6c.; 50 to 100, 10c.